

Life

10¢

November 13, 1931



Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Millions of men and women have discovered a new enjoyment since the introduction of the Camel Humidor Pack.

The mildness and the flavor of fine tobacco vanish when scorching or evaporation steals the *natural moisture* out of a cigarette.

Now, thanks to the Camel Humidor Pack, Camels, fresh with natural moisture, wherever you find them, are

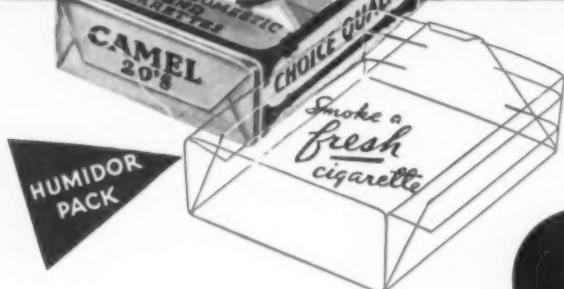
always flavorful and in prime smoking condition.

Being fresh to start with, Camels stay fresh—always mild, cool, delightful!

No harsh, dried tobacco to burn the throat. No peppery dust to sting delicate membrane — just the fragrant aroma of fine tobacco, properly conditioned.

If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, switch over for just one day, then quit them—if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



● It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Camel Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — Camels stay fresh in your home and office

CAMELS

Mild....NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE

MORALE

It wins wars.

It beats depressions.

It lays the firm foundations for prosperity.

America is engaged in a mighty enterprise of morale building. In one month—October 19th to November 25th—every city and town in the land will raise the funds that will be necessary to banish from its borders the fear of hunger and cold.

Just one month, and our biggest job will be over. Just one month, and we shall have met the worst threat the Depression can offer; and we shall have won!

You can help. Give to the funds that your community is raising. Give generously.

Feel the thrill that comes with victory.
Go forward with America to the better days ahead.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief

Walter S. Supford Director

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources



Chairman

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, \$5.00. Vol. 98, No. 2558. November 13, 1931. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Additional entry as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1931, Life Pub. Co., U. S., England and British Possessions.



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The Gifts You Get

SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home—their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection from exposure.

Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders gave up their

holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children. Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.

But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which work for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not say "thank you" to two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



"Herbert, dear, do you think that your Thanksgiving Proclamation can be enforced?"

"Thousands of Carrie Nations," says a speaker, "should rise and smash speak-easy bars." Don't be silly. The other girls would throw them out.

The dictators of fashion are said to have decreed the return of the bustle. Will our women take this sitting down?

There are rumors that a 1902 nickel is worth a lot of money. And so it is—five cents.

New York's school for policemen recently graduated 321. Traffic cops will be chosen from those magna cum laud.

The Republicans are looking for a slogan for their next National Convention. How about: "See who the boys in the back room will have?"

The Osteopathic Society of New York is demanding an apology from the American College of Surgeons. We warn the surgeons not to shake hands.

There's one good thing about this depression at least; we're not keeping up with the Joneses any more, we're keeping away from them.

"A man makes the best boss," said 184 out of 200 shop girls who were questioned on the subject—proving that only 16 of them were married.

Scientists have photographed an atom with a movie camera. It will be presented, we presume, under the title Mickey Atom.

The idea that money is covered with germs is all wrong, says a doctor. Probably his belief is based on the observation that it is practically untouched by human hands.

From Subway to Suburb *in the same Generation*

"DON'T you ever get tired of paying rent?" demands the missus.

"Exhausted," I assures her. "So exhausted, in fact, that I'm a sucker for pneumonia on the first of every month, but even so, I prefer the loud cry of the landlord to the high interest note of the mortgage bird. None of this own your own hoop-la for me."

"It's different here," declares Flora. "I'm going to live in the country and you're going to like it. They tell me places out in Long Island are selling for a dime a dozen."

"Yeh," I cuts in, "and so are caterpillar tractors and high-speed stock tickers, but did you ever figure out

... by SAM HELLMAN

what it takes to keep 'em purring?"

"No more than the rent we're paying," returns the wife.

"If you think so," says I, "you need another thought just to make it an even one. Did I ever tell you of Bill Hufnagel's experience with the hut he bought out in Trachoma Corners?"

"No," answers Flora, "but I can't imagine any experience of Bill Hufnagel's that would interest a Nordic



"Bill has to have a gardener to wet-nurse weeds, another bozo to bail out the basement, a nurse to keep his kid from falling into the neighboring duck wallops. . . ."

matron of quiet, domestic habits. What happened to him as if one cared?"

"Well," I retails, "it seems that Bill's skillet-wrestler got a sudden yen to trade in the cry of the fish-peddler for the coo of the yellow jonquil, and—"

"Jonquils," interrupts the frau, "are flowers, not birds."

"That," says I, "is neither here nor up in Tillie's atelier. The fact remains that Madame Hufnagel—by the way, did you know she was one of the Woonsocket Quackenbushes?"

"Has it any bearing on the subject?" asks Flora.

"Very little," I admits, frankly, "but it struck me as an interesting foot-note—"

"It isn't," decides the missus. "Go ahead, but why?"

"Bill," I continues, "got himself a bloodhound and a search-warrant—it's that hard to find a real estate agent in Long Island—and, after hunting all over the 8:15 country finally caught up with this place in Trachoma Corners. It was five minutes from the station—figured by Major Doolittle's flying time—and had a beautiful view of the Sound and the Ginsberg Glue Works, but the price was pretty stiff—twenty-five thousand smackers—a lot of money even if you say it fast."

"How much down?" inquires the wife, practically.

"Five gee," I tells her, "and the rest on capture."

"That's not so bad," opines Flora. "The interest on the whole thing's only fifteen hundred a year and we're paying twenty-five for this hole in the wall."

"**T**TRUE," says I, "but there are some peculiar features about owning a home in the country that you should be made privy to. For example, it appears there's an agreement between the United States and Latvia that houses on Long Island have to be heated in the winter. In this connection, the Supreme Court has held, Hoofus vs. Goofnaw, Brandeis J. dissenting, that the burden of proof that the fuel has been paid for is on the owner of the aforesaid premises."

"That can't be so much," remarks the missus.

"Never," I tells her, "say 'can't' to coal. It set Bill back three hundred fish the last fiscal spell."

"That," observes Flora, who hasn't been such a success at multiplying, but who's sharper than an adder's tooth at addition, "makes only eighteen hundred dollars."

"Now," says I, "we come to another phase of sitting under your own fig and wine-brick tree, that you may have overlooked in the excitement attending your christening. It seems that the State of New York is sore on Long Island, so they've levied taxes on all the property that's visible at low tide. Just to make things ha-

cha-cha the country and village governments have some taxes of their own. And that's not all. Every time they drain a swamp in southeastern Senegal they cut you in on the cost."

"What price total taxes?" inquires the anchor.

"Say three hundred," I returns, "but not too loud."

"Putting all the overhead at twenty-one hundred, eh?" goes on the wife.

"**N**OT quite," I informs her. "Bill tells me in the strictest confidence that certain angles of hospitality in connection with home-owning mustn't be overlooked. There are plumbers to be entertained almost constantly, roofers who come for a leak but stay for the gutters and the stand-pipes, carpenters to whom you show the door, but who find a great number of other things to fix before leaving—"

"Mere trifles," asserts Flora, "After all, Hufnagel had to lay down only five thousand to start with."

"In your new Eugenic hat!" I cuts in. "The five was just a temporary dressing. Before the bone was really set he had to fork up dough to have the title searched—titles often have concealed weapons on 'em—, then he had to kick in to a title insurance company to make sure that the title searcher hadn't looked into the wrong book. Before Bill got through buying necessary insurance he was protected against everything except the sudden sale of his home from the courthouse steps."

"Well," declares the wife, "the fact still remains that

(Continued on page 28)



"Bill got himself a bloodhound and a search warrant—it's that hard to find a real-estate agent in Long Island. . . ."

See America Second

Oh come with me to an oddish land
Where days are fulgorant,
And there I'll show you the indigenes
With words altisonant.

A sturdy genet will swiftly draw
Our carromata high,
The while our barbet, with yarrs and yawls,
Fisks happily close by.

We'll make our breakfast on tench and
whelk
Beneath a baobab,
And if an ounce or a nilgau springs,
My yataghan will stab.

Come, take a puissant Unabridged—
Don't sit like Setebos!—
And help me find the six-letter word
For 22 Across.

—E. B. Crosswhite.



*STOREKEEPER: Come now, go home. I'm too busy!
KID: So! Now that you got the sale you don't care what you say!*



"They're smart all right—but will they fool a horse?"

Symptoms of the Depression

FOR SALE—Piano, in good condition, or would trade for good cow or other stock. A. M. Fessenden, phone 16-M, Roulette.

—Coudersport (Pa.) Potter Enterprise.

\$15 MO.—Lovely 2nd flr. rm. girl; privileges. 2015 Murray ave.

—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun-Telegraph.

KING SWEARS IN NEW CABINET

—Atlanta Georgian.

FOR SALE—KISSEL: Coupe with humble seat. Whitehouse Trucking Co.

—New York Times.

FUNERALS FREE ON PARADISE ISLAND

—Dallas (Texas) Times-Herald.

WANT plasterer who wants to buy a home, and plaster out the down payment. Call 106J2.

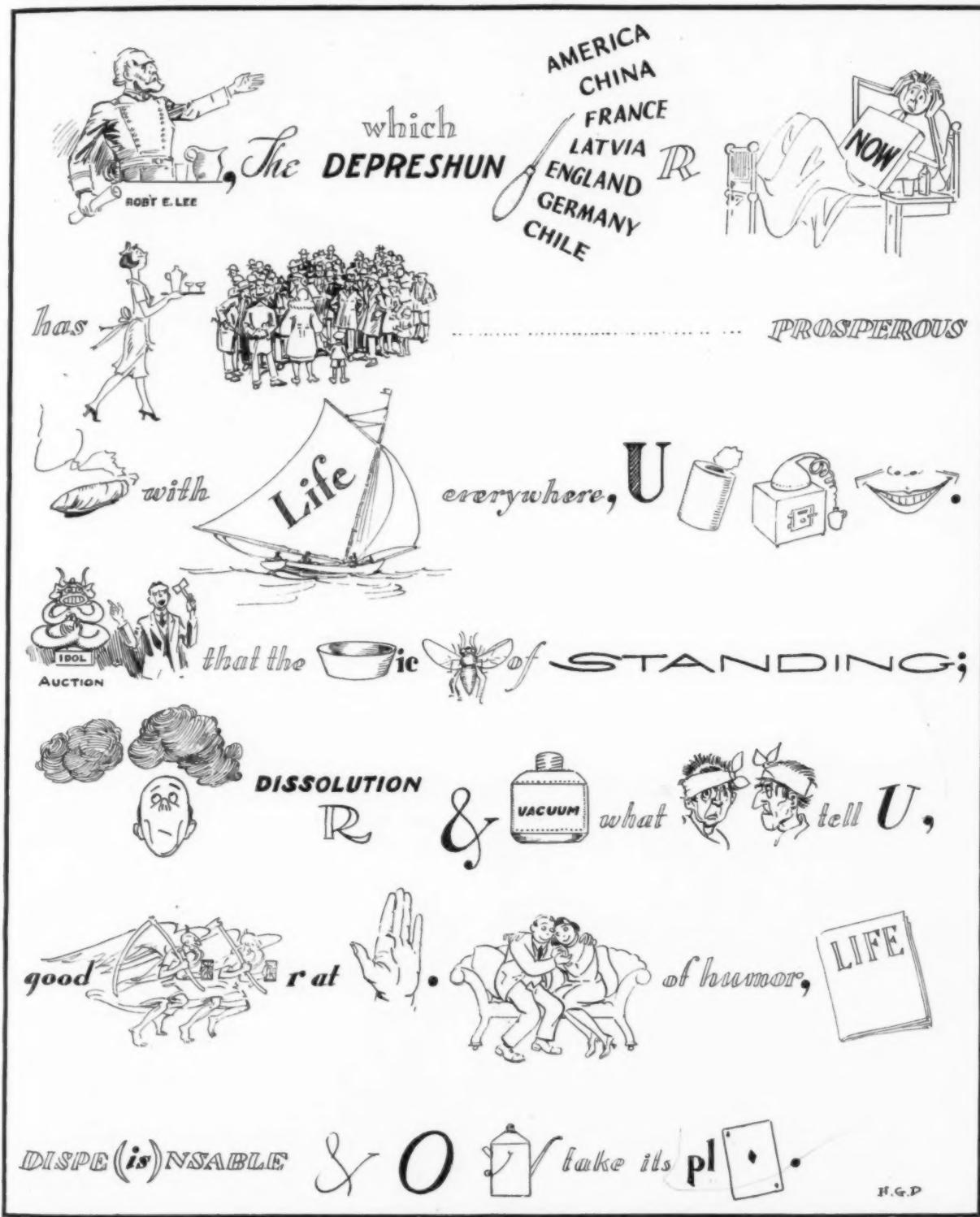
—Phoenix (Arizona) Republican.

WANTED: A house by a newly wed couple—no children—until October—Bx. 001X.

—New York Times.

L I F E

\$10 If You Can Solve Three Of These Correctly!



This is just a sample—the contest puzzles start in next week's issue of LIFE—so we'll give you a tip. Starting at the upper left hand corner this puzzle reads: "Generally

speaking, the bad spell of depression under which all countries—" . . . now see if you can figure out the rest yourself (try and do it). Solution to this puzzle will be

printed next week, along with the first of a series of three for which LIFE will pay \$10 for all complete and correct solutions. Don't miss next week's issue!

"By Cuddry Dis Ob Thee"

REPORT says Vespucci's name was Alberico, not Americo, therefore this continent should be called "Alberica."

Well now, let's see where that'll leave us . . .

United States of Alberica.

New York Alberican.

Alberican Homes and Gardens.

All-Alberican.

Central Alberica.

Alberican Legion.

"Alberica, I Love You!"

See Alberica First.

Don't sell Alberica short!

Oh, well—let it go. We give it up as a bad cold.

What This Country Needs

The use of fish knives is increasing, says a woman's paper. That's fine, but what we'd like to see come into use would be spaghetti scissors.



"Hey, has anybody got a safety pin?"

Fur Crying Out Louder

Fur coat prices are lower than they were last winter, but a wife has to cry harder to get one.

See A Fresh Nude

We hear that a salesman called on a nudist colony the other cold day to sell some clothes made of cellophane.

"So you're traveling, eh? . . . to the Near East?"

"Oh, Mercy No! To the real thing!"



"Thir-teen-thou-sand feet of fillum . . . and this mug forgets to take off his wrist watch!"

A Philadelphia man and his wife agreed to suicide. He killed her with a hammer and then went back on the contract.

—Waxahachie (Tex.) "LIGHT".

Obviously not a follower of the Culbertson system.



"Some shot—eh folks?"

LIFE LOOKS ABOUT

Let Us Hang Together

THE main instruction that is now proceeding is to the effect that economically we must all be saved together if at all. Everybody who still has carfare and food-money expects to escape the serious hardships of the pinch. Probably most of them will, if adversity is not too long protracted, but the inclusiveness of current plans of relief is very striking. When the Interstate Commerce Commission considered the appeal of the railroads to be allowed to raise freight rates fifteen per cent, what the Commission virtually said was: "We will do as much for you as we dare, but you will have to get together and carry the weaker sisters." They would have to make a pool so as to help the roads that were in difficulties. So in the dealings with Japan the aim is all to promote general good in Asia and not let anybody get away with anything while the neighbors are preoccupied with troubles. There has been a great change in two years in the way foreign affairs, and indeed all affairs, are regarded. Adversity is bearing fruit of a flavor that seemed quite incredible four years ago.

THERE are the war debts. It has all along seemed obvious that if anything came along and shook Europe quite hard, the agreements about the war debts would dissolve. They are, of course, dissolving very rapidly now, but not because anyone wants to have them dissolve (though there are plenty who do) but because circumstances and the general distress have knocked them on the head.

Monsieur Laval has been here to talk over mundane affairs with Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hoover. Another sign of the times. A good thing to have Monsieur Laval come! The affairs between the United States and Great Britain may be trusted, if

necessary, to take care of themselves.

There will be people in Great Britain who will understand the United States and there will be Yankees who know John Bull and nothing very serious is likely to happen to their relations. But France is a different animal. Understanding does not run so freely in the blood between the United States and France as it does between the United States and Great Britain. Language and derivation have to do with that.

Our Progress "In the Red"

ABOUT how long is this world to continue "in the red" as the accountants say? The British-Israel prospectors find a terminal for Tribulation in the fall of 1936. That means presumably that the low point will be reached much sooner, and from that the world will climb up until it reaches something like normal in 1936. That is, of course, highly speculative calculation. Nevertheless a gentleman to whom it was imparted said he was at a directors' meeting where a report was made on the effects of wars on finance and business and how long it took to get over them. The calculation was offered that our present troubles would pass away about 1935. That was not so far from the British-Israel forecast. But in all forecasts whether it is by calculations from the Great Pyramid, the Bible and the Book of the Dead, or whether they are done by fiscal statisticians, the point on which they agree is that our present troubles will pass away. We will do well to think most of that and tackle the intermediate difficulties with confidence that we will in due time get ashore.

There is also an advantage in recognizing, if we believe it, that we are in for a fairly long pull and



settling down to the great business of survival with as little discomfort as we may.

Everybody, in this country at least, should be fed and kept alive until the pinch is over. In that respect it is a good deal like The War. People knew the war would stop sometime—it went on much longer than they expected, and as long as it went on the main job was to keep going and survive it. So we shall have to do with the Tribulation.

The Permanence of Change

IN the reign of Charles the First when disturbance was brewing in England, Falkland imparted to Parliament the maxim: "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change!"

He was for no violent change but for medication of public affairs without it. Would he were alive to set the fashion now when change runs loose in the world! Change for no good reason, merely for the sake of change. One's first morning coffee comes in a can with a new label, a new double lid. The old label was all right, nothing the matter with it; the top of the can fitted perfectly: nothing ailed it. The new label is a shock, the double lid an impediment. One's shaving soap has a new holder, new cover, or comes in a new size every year. The same with tooth powder; new cans, no better, just new.

Do not our good friends the merchants—does not everybody now—undervalue the familiar? For the familiar does have a value. One likes to get what he got before in the same kind of a wrapper, whether it is gospel truth or English marmalade. There is a rush to translate the Bible into contemporary vernacular. Little is gained by it. It just makes unfamiliar words and sounds of what was part of the mental texture of millions of people.

—E. S. Martin.

**The Day of the Yale-Harvard Game***A Princeton Man Is a Guest at the Harvard Club.*

Mrs. Pep's Diary

..by Baird Leonard



STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

OCTOBER 21.—Awake too betimes, so fell upon Mr. Work's new board for solitaire bridge, all a-twitter over turning down the metal gadgets which cover cards that have been played, but, suddenly mindful of Carl Van Vechten's pronouncement that mayhap I would be of some real value to the world if ever I could be stopped from playing games, since he did always think of me as rolling a hoop or sporting a toy balloon, I did take up the book by Dr. Riggs which teaches us how to make our sensory equipment a servant and ally of intelligence, having sped along the primrose path so largely by the grace of God that I am close to an overdraft on that beneficent resource, not to mention having outgrown during the past summer most of my costliest apparel. So at breakfast I was able to hold myself to half a piece of toast and to pass up altogether the delicious grape conserve without feeling like a martyr starving in the midst of plenty or wishing to make the sacrifice an outstanding topic of my day's discourse. Then out to climb a Berkshire with a departing crony, who, albeit assured that she can now ride in a draper's elevator without bawling to be let out before the car has reached her floor, and sit to the end of "Die Meistersinger" without dashing home to see if she has left a spigot running or a cigarette alight, is somewhat distract over a conviction that the purchase of a pair of stays must be the first step in her readjustment, so I did compare her predicament favorably with that of the old monks who wore hair shirts

on their consciences, nor with much success, neither, since she had no high opinion of monastic punitive measures, and an extremely low one of the inspirational qualities of whalebone. Home at a brisk clip, marking with amusement the number of elderly women costumed according to the Nineties, in especial one who, with praiseworthy precaution, had covered the seat of her bicycle with an antimacassar.

OCTOBER 22.—Reading in the journals of the receivership appointed for the Shubert theatrical firm, and I do attribute its failure not to the sorry times which are blamed by one of its members, but to an overestimation of foreign dramatists, and to the fact that most managers do not know a bad play when they read, accept, and finance



"Prominent teeth are so noticeable!"

one. For Lord! the diversion game is as depression-proof as the flour and feed business, as every circulation manager who is trying to match wartime figures knows. To my loom in the workshop, to finish the beauteous evening bag which I am weaving, thanking God that at last I shall have, for the first time in my life, one which combines utilitarianism and aesthetics, even though to achieve it I had several times to be bodily extracted by Mistress Bailey from tangled shuttles and interlocked pedals. Glad to learn this day that Dorothy Sayers, one of my favorite mystery scribes, has wrote a new book, so I did order it straightway by post, doubtful if the local telegraph company would transmit a message to Ted Holliday which would, perforce, read: "Please send suspicious characters to foundation inn stockbridge mass." All my rest hour on the chaise-longue, with ideas so aswarm that I was at some pains not to break rules and leap up to make notes of them, and minded how my largest ideas do usually come when it is impossible for me to record them, and of my grandmother's saying, when I would fall to sewing doll clothes or quilt patches at bedtime's approach, "When the sun is in the west, lazy folk can work the best." To my conference, and when the talk swung to jumping at conclusions, I did cite Sam's mother's prediction that the new bookshop in her neighborhood would fail because the two girls who tended it wore smocks, albeit I might better have mentioned my own disastrous acceptance of a certain erstwhile acquaintance because of her ability to quote John Milton.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

I am sorry you can't be with us for Thanksgiving but I know how it is with you steel men. If you left for that week-end Mr. Schwab might get the idea you weren't a good patriot, or that you didn't appreciate your salary cut, or something. Be brave, my boy; stand by Gifford, or Swope, or Owen Young, or whoever happens to be out with a plan when this letter is delivered.

I am mighty glad I didn't tell President Hoover that I wouldn't cut wages down at the brick-yard. The federal building program has been so successful it has shut me down completely, so I didn't have to. I can't tell what I'd do if I got an order.

You'll be glad to know your brother Henry is placed for another three years. Yes; he's decided to go to medical school. So his future is cut out for him. Henry won't make a bad doctor. I never knew him to make a statement without qualifying it and even as a little fellow in grammar school he was clever about concealing what he didn't know.

It's funny about Theodore, though. He's an obstinate boy, sticking to his course in foreign and domestic commerce.

The house will be full for Thanksgiving. Counting the sons-in-law who eat here anyhow there will be fourteen. I think your mother can handle it all right. She has been working on the local committee feeding the unemployed.

You ask me to advise you what to do with your surplus money. I had your mother look at that part of your letter under her reading glass

to make sure that is what you meant. Well, you should have no trouble deciding what to do with it. Send it to Mr. Schwab.

I notice also you say your wife's father has married a second time, and to a stenographer. That's fine; and is she working?

Charlie, who has been coaching the football team down at Pottawatomie University, will be home for Thanksgiving with the rest. They were losing money so fast they closed the

season early and sent the players home. One more week, Charlie wrote, and they'd have been playing for the game's sake.

He's got a fine new contract for next year; an increase in salary and full freedom in hiring his own men.

Wire me if you can get away at the last minute for Thanksgiving and I'll insult one of the sons-in-law so you can have your old bed.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



"But officer—all th' world loves a lover!"



GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by **Jack Koloed**

ALL football loving Philadelphia Indians that crisp October day in 1908. Chrysanthemums nodded from the coat-lapels of Carlisle's supporters. Pennsylvania girls carried their violets and red roses with a proud and swanky air. Noisy automobiles honked their way across the Walnut Street bridge. Nothing was lacking, not even the brisk air and bright sunshine of perfect football weather.

In the middle of the North stand the Indian braves and maids were banked in rows of red and gold . . . their band clattering into the martial air of "Navajo." Across the white-striped width of the field Penn's musicians answered valiantly.

The pulse of excitement beat in the air. There was trouble ahead. You could feel it, like a gathering storm.

Little Miller, Penn's quarterback and captain, began the action almost in the first minute of the opening half. . . . He broke loose on a long and sensational run through the heart of the Indian team. . . . See him go! . . . Squirming, straight-arming, side-stepping he eluded the desperate defenders. One Indian threw him . . . but Miller came up like a cat in the next stride, and went on his flashing way . . . forty . . . fifty . . . sixty yards until he was over the goal line with the first promise of victory in four years.

Then the rough-house started. Time after time Big Bill Edwards paced off penalties, but still there was holding and off-side play. Tackles were made with head-long viciousness . . . and when a ball carrier went down he was buried beneath a charging avalanche of vengeful opponents.

PENN . . . after four barren seasons . . . had the smell of victory in her nostrils. Smashing their way to the five yard line the Quakers fairly hurled Heilman across the line for the second touchdown. When Braddock tried for goal one of the Indians hurled his head-gear at the kicker . . . but that did nothing more than add fire to the already

white-hot fury of the Penn warriors.

The tempers of all the men were ready for anything. . . . When Miller stole away on another sensational run, threading his way through the pack, deep into Indian territory, riot flared up. The little captain was thrown and several big fellows hurled themselves on him. . . .

the ball been put into play than he repeated his grandiose feat. . . . But this time Referee Edwards saw linesmen holding . . . and brought the ball back . . . and penalized Penn twenty yards.

So, the half ended . . . a half crammed with more excitement than Franklin Field had ever seen in all its years.

The bitter feeling in the stands was reflected in the attitude of the students. When the Penn men rose to sing "The Red and Blue", the Indian band thundered "Hiawatha." Nothing could be forgotten . . . nothing forgiven in this vicious struggle to the death.

Victory seemed so frightfully important. . . . Defeat meant unutterable shame. Seems a little silly now, after all the years, doesn't it? . . . But, at the moment it was as vital as life and death.

The second half opened with another brilliant run by Miller, who, that day, was a Carideo and Stevenson rolled into one.

WHITE face snarled into red. . . . Race hatred boiled. . . . What did penalties mean if you could grind the face of a foeman into the hard ground? . . . The Indians had rallied and won more than once when trailing. They had not given up. The war-whoops of their backers urged them on to greater efforts.

But the Red and Blue, led by Miller, the indomitable, and Tex Ramsdell, who came into the fray late in the game, were

not to be denied. They reeled off more long runs. Their big linesmen ripped the Carlisle line . . . not into shreds, for it refused to disintegrate . . . but into groggi-ness and additional hate.

The final score was 29 to 8 . . . but down until the last whistle shrilled in the gathering darkness it was a monkey-and-parrot fight . . . with neither side conceding an inch that was not literally torn from it.

Then . . . with that last whistle . . . came a sudden cessation of hate. The
(Continued on page 27)



"White face snarled into red . . . Race hatred boiled . . ."





Life in the news...at home...abroad

CHICAGO—A mortician association has arranged to "telegraph funerals," just like flowers. They refer to this as "extended service."

NEW YORK—J. H. Schwartz inaugurated a move to give all the statues in the city a bath. He is also going to try to find out why each one was erected.

NATIK, MASS.—Louis R. Avay, eighty-four year old carpenter, celebrated his birthday by taking a holiday. He spent the day shingling the roof of his house.

EVANSTON, ILL.—Northwestern University is opening a "love clinic." Advice will be given to the love-sick single—and the ailing married will also be treated.

CADWELL, GA.—Albert Warren, Jr. did not bother to enter his cow in the local livestock show so the cow decided to take matters into her own hands—or hooves. She just knew she was good, so she broke out of Warren's barn and joined a group of milch cows before the judges. Warren was astounded when he came by later and saw his cow, which he had believed to be safe in the barn at home, proudly wearing the blue ribbon denoting first prize.

DIO, MISS.—The Herbert Hoover Filling Station, opened up in 1928, is no more. A bankrupt sign is on the door.

FT. MORGAN, O.—Stapleton's drug store advertised that they would give an ice cream cone for every egg brought to them. One small boy appeared with one hundred and sixty-nine eggs.

NEW YORK—Delegates to the American Life Insurance Convention voted to put prohibition agents under the R. N. A. classification. R. N. A. means "risk not accepted."

FRANKFORT, KY.—"I just kept a little home-brew for the boarders," Mrs. Pearl Martin, of Madison, Ind., told Federal Judge A. M. J. Cochran in pleading for clemency on a liquor charge.

"Did you have to do that to keep the boarders?" asked the court.

"No," replied Mrs. Martin, "milk was too expensive, so I served home brew. I didn't sell it."

NEW YORK—*The Literary Digest* records what is probably a record price for one year's subscription—\$400. It is from S. A. Cole of Buenos Aires. He wants the famous weekly sent by air mail.

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Here is a list of the articles taken from the stomach of a huge man-eating shark caught near Waikiki Beach:

Fifteen-foot length of steel anchor chain.

One 50 lb. iron anchor.

One 10 lb. anchor.

Hind leg of a mule.

One wrist watch and strap.

A vanity case.

Coal shovel with broken handle.

Corner of a soap box.

Ten lbs. of nuts, bolts, nails, screws and copper fittings.

Two bathing suits.

One cartridge belt.

One pint of assorted buttons—pearl, bone and brass.

Two horseshoes.

One nutcracker.

GOERLITZ, SILESIA—The officials of the new home for the deaf were perplexed as to what method they could use to arouse inmates of the home in case of fire. Bells or whistles would be of no use and when the patients were asleep, light signals would not work. At last they evolved the idea of an alarm which will awaken the sleepers by shaking the mattresses of their beds.

PARIS, FRANCE—if the French athletes can not have their wine that they are accustomed to, they may refuse to send any team to the next Olympic games to be held at Los Angeles, Cal. in 1932. It is argued that the athletes can not train properly if they are deprived of this item of their usual diet.

LONDON, ENGLAND—According to an article in "Lancet," British medical organ, William Shakespeare, the famous dramatist, died from complications of the following thirteen diseases: fever, typhus, typhoid paralysis, epilepsy, apoplexy, arterio-sclerosis, over-smoking, chronic alcoholism, gluttony, angina pectoris, Bright's disease, pulmonary congestion and locomotor ataxia.



"Be serious, boys—there's the Carnegie Committee!"

"I See By the Papers . . ." by WILL B. JOHNSTONE

movies.

"Susan Lenox"

(Her fall and rise)

WITH an improved control of the English language, and a leading man who eggs her on to the most believable love-making she has done since her silent days with John Gilbert, the one and only Miss Garbo puts on a show in "Susan Lenox" that should finally convince her worst enemy that she is really a great actress as well as an unusual personality. We used up most of the adjectives during her Gilbertian days, and exhausted the supply on "Anna Christie," but as Susan we are sure you have never seen her to better advantage.

Miss Garbo's leading man, in case you haven't guessed it, is Clark Gable, the new he-man of Hollywood who has most of the ladies of the sin-e-ma center heaving their bosoms and doing back-bends. This reviewer does not pretend to know what it is a person must have to create the phenomenon in the opposite sex known as "red ants", but we do know that when Clark walks into the same room with a good looking woman and starts fooling around, you anticipate an explosion and hope for the worst. Of course, this may be just a trick and a part of his work. Well, it's nice work if you've got it.

Mr. Gable stands up to Miss Garbo scene after scene—matching his excellent screen presence and convincing virility against her remarkable personal magnetism and exotic charm. The first, third and sixth reels are Clark's . . . Greta wins the second, fourth and fifth . . . the seventh is even and in the eighth Greta piles up a slender lead in points that gives her the decision. It was a close call for the champ, folks . . . the nearest she has been held to a draw in a migh-tee long time. And now we return you to the M-G-M studio where you will hear the orchestra playing the new studio theme song . . .

"You never met-a better greater Greta, Than Greta when she gets to Garbo-Gableing."

(If the two M-G-M officials, Nick Schenck and Messmore Kendall, will get in touch with the writer, we may be able to come to terms on a sale price.)

"Susan Lenox" (her fall and rise) gets away to a slow start . . . a late fall, to put it crudely . . . but once Greta becomes discouraged with love and starts



being loose the pace is interesting. The events cast their shadows before them so obviously that you are practically sitting in the shade all of the time, but there is a definite pleasure in looking forward to Garbo's scenes and wondering how she is going to do the usual in an unusual manner. She seldom misses doing it. The story is one of those love-misunderstanding-separate-get together-shadow-between-separate-get together-sepa . . . oh, well—you know the routine.

The cast is excellent. It includes Jean Hersholt, Hale Hamilton, John Miljan, Alan Hale, Cecil Cunningham, Ian Keith and Russell Simpson.

The director is Robert Z. Leonard. We don't know what the Z is for but it must be *Zatisfaction*. That is a characteristic of his productions.

"The Spirit of Notre Dame"

WHETHER or not you are a football enthusiast or understand the technicalities of the game, you will enjoy this picture. It was made, primarily, as a tribute to the late Knute Rockne, and with his passing still fresh in the minds of every lover of true sportsmanship, you will find a very real heart tug sandwiched in between the fun and football.

A number of famous Notre Dame football stars appear in the cast . . . The Four Horsemen, Adam Walsh, Frank Carideo . . . unassuming fellows who are quiet, natural, and pleasantly convincing in their absence of screen manners. The two principal figures in the story are Lew Ayres and William Bakewell . . . nice enough boys who give splendid performances, but not impressive as football figures. It takes imagination to picture slender William running roughshod over Northwestern and the Army, with little Lew doing the yeoman's task of opening holes in the line, running interference and blocking tack-

lers. And speaking of holes—the ones the Notre Dame forwards open up in the opposing lines for William and Lew to sift through would accommodate a couple of Mack trucks arm in arm.

There is astonishingly little hokum about the-old-school spirit and the other demonstration of collegiate emotions that are usually allowed to become hysterical in football films. The big climax is brought on by one of the players being seriously injured (not that this will do football much good) and the subsequent effect of the accident on the team. Then there is also the well known jealousy between the two halfbacks. The story concerns itself to a considerable extent with stressing the point that the men who carry the ball get a lot more publicity than they deserve.

The part of the coach is played by J. Farrell MacDonald, who not only acts the role convincingly, but bears a physical resemblance to the well loved Knute.

Good stuff for the whole family . . . and be sure to take a handkerchief . . . not the good one.

"The Tip-Off"

THIS movie doesn't pretend to be anything more than a pleasantly humorous little story about a young radio mechanic who gets mixed up with prize-fighters and gunmen, and has a good time doing it. The star of the show, according to the posters outside the theatre, is Eddie Quillan, and he's pretty good at that, but the boy who steals the picture is that king of the screen pugilists, Robert Armstrong. Aiding and abetting Robert in his thievery is "Ginger" Rogers, who is delightful as "Baby Face," the pug's girl friend. We haven't been seeing enough of "Ginger" on the screen recently, and something should be done about it.

We also want to take this opportunity to commend Ralf Harolde for a capable gangster impersonation. Anybody who can act tough with a name like that deserves credit.

There is only one thing in the film that is annoying. It is the motive that actuates Eddie in braving the gangster's gunfire and getting shot. He takes this chance, believe it or not, to get his friend's shoes . . . because he is afraid that if he doesn't his friend's feet will hurt.

In spite of this, "The Tip-Off" is easy to take.

theatre . . .

"Mourning Becomes Electra"

WHEN the last curtain came down on Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," a distinguished audience that had been sitting through five and a half hours of stupendous drama, stood up and gave a demonstration of approval that left no doubt as to the verdict . . . "Mourning Becomes Electra" is an event in the history of the drama. It is the most pretentious thing that has been attempted in the past decade, and whether or not you are a disciple of the "better things" you cannot sit through an afternoon and evening of spellbinding without realizing that Mr. O'Neill has created a play that adds stature to the theatre and firmly establishes the author as the leading dramatist of his time.

The play is a trilogy—three complete plays compatible in continuity—and which, in this case, simply means one very long play. It is based on the Greek legend which has it that when Agamemnon returned from the Trojan War, he was murdered by his adulterous wife, Clytemnestra, who was in turn killed in revenge by her daughter, Electra, and her son, Orestes, after which Orestes was driven mad by the Furies.

The author has followed the Greek legend with marked fidelity. Even as we read that Agamemnon's family was pursued by ill fortune, so we find the New England Mannons being tortured and torn by hate and misunderstanding as the author, always making the most of the dramatic possibilities offered by the mental gymnastics of his characters, prods them in the weak spots in their armor, breaks down the walls of their hidebound New England reserve and respectability and leads them to do all the things you know are in their minds. Agamemnon we find represented by Ezra Mannon . . . prominent jurist . . . now a Brigadier General in the Civil War . . . madly in love with his wife who has grown to hate him because of the inconsideration of his affection.

Homecoming

AND so the first play, "Homecoming," opens. The daughter, having discovered that her mother has taken a lover while her father and brother were at war . . . faces the mother with the evi-

dence and makes her promise not to see her lover again. The lover, a sea captain who is the illegitimate son of General Mannon's brother—planning to steal the soldier's wife to revenge the ill treatment General Mannon had accorded his mother and father—really falls in love with the woman. The two plan to murder the General. The night of his return, Mannon is seized with a heart attack and the wife allows him to die when she might have saved him.

The Hunted

In the second play the daughter and son, convinced that their mother and her lover are responsible for their father's death, but refusing to accuse her openly for fear of bringing further disgrace on the family name, hunt down the lover and kill him on his ship. These events cause the wife to commit suicide.

The Haunted

The last play, "The Haunted", finds the brother and sister returned home after travelling about the world in a vain effort to get away from the horror of their memories . . . the boy growing to hate the sister and finally driven to take his own life as he realizes that this girl—who sat in judgment on his mother and caused him to commit murder—is a moral fraud, and far more adulterous in her thoughts and impulses than his mother ever had been. So in the last scene we see the sister, left alone, passing through the portals of the memory-haunted Mannon home and resigning herself to a life of unrelenting mental punishment.

The players subordinate themselves to the value of the smoothly flowing current of the O'Neill dialog at all times, and this repression of their actions accentuates the significance of their words, until you finally view the players as physical manifestations of ideas . . . with always the idea, the thought, the impulse as the important thing. Having created this suspense it is highly important that the players never overact . . . and in this restraint, with every inflection of the voice highlighted, you have the impression that their efforts are being presented to you through a huge microscope held in the impassive hand of Eugene O'Neill.

Alice Brady as the daughter—Lavinia . . . regarding her father with an affection more than filial . . . narrow-minded . . .

live-bodied . . . vitally complacent . . . dressed in black . . . a picture you will not soon forget. Alla Nazimova as the mother . . . despising the daughter born out of an unnatural union . . . determined to be free. And the decision to kill herself after her lover's death . . . as tragic a moment as this writer has ever seen created. Earl Larimore, splendid as Orin, the son . . . weak-willed . . . sacrificing his life for an empty revenge. Three magnificent performances.

Thomas Chalmers as the lover; Mary Arbenz as Orin's fiancee; Philip Foster as the man who loves Lavinia; Arthur Hughes as a hired man, and John Hendricks as a chantyman also offer splendid characterizations. The work of Lee Baker, who plays General Mannon, is not up to the standard set by the other principals . . . his death scene being robbed of its potential dramatic value by ineffectual acting.

The settings by Robert Edmund Jones show an inspired imagination. They must be seen to be appreciated.

And as a last word we bow in respectful admiration to Director Phillip Moeller and pay homage to the ingenuity, intelligence, craftsmanship and terribly hard work that must have gone into the staging of this greatest of the Theatre Guild undertakings.

"East Wind"

THIS latest Schwab & Mandell operetta is worthwhile for a few things—but hardly enough things to cause you to give it an evening. For instance, there is J. Harold Murray. When he is singing it seems a pity for anybody to miss the show—but a few moments later there is such an abundance of story intruding itself on the comedy and music that you are forced to sigh and wonder how they ever allow it.

There is one song entitled, "You Are My Woman," which you will doubtless hear wherever there is a tenor who sings dramatic love songs, and you will probably like it regardless of whether or not it reminds you of "Deep River."

Messrs. Schwab & Mandell have done so many good things that we can forgive them for (once more) being a little old-fashioned and hope that something will soon convince them (and all producers) that, what with all the gloom hanging about, everybody wants to laugh at the close of day.

There was never a time in the history of show business when it was more difficult to put over a musical show with a seriously sentimental plot, and the sooner the boys realize it, the fewer flops there will be.



contract bridge

by

ELY CULBERTSON

—high cards and ruffs—and the Ace of diamonds. A five heart contract was set at two tables.

At one table, however, a five heart contract was made, although the defense was perfect.

The Bidding

| South | West | North | East |
|-----------|-------------|---------|------------|
| Pass | Pass | 1 ♠ (1) | Pass (2) |
| 2 ♦ (3) | Pass (4) | 2 ♥ (5) | Pass |
| 4 ♥ (6) | Pass | 4 ♠ (7) | Double (8) |
| 5 ♥ (9) | Double (10) | Pass | Pass |
| Pass (11) | | | |

(1) A bold bid not justified by the honor-trick holding in a vulnerable third hand position, but suggested by the richness of the hand's distributional values. Even with a complete wash-out in dummy the hand can reasonably count on six tricks at spades, the honors compensating for a set of one trick. There is, however, a lesson here, for those who persist in valuing voids and singletons in the original bidding hand. (See comment on play.)

(2) Rather liking the spade idea!

(3) A fine bid with one and one-half honor-tricks, keeping the bidding open for a partner who has shown a powerful hand by his third hand opening.

(4) No reason to mention clubs opposite a partner who could not make a defensive bid. The diamonds aren't so bad from West's point of view, particularly in view of the possibility of an eventual notrump contract by North.

(5) The two suit nature of the hand must be shown.

(6) More than justified by the five and a half playing tricks, one for the trump

King, one-half for the fourth trump, two for the singleton spade, one for the diamond Ace and one for the two long cards in the diamond suit although the last is doubtful value in view of the two suited type shown by North.

(7) Dizzy with honors. Should have signed off.

(8) A double which helps adversaries to save themselves by correcting an error which now becomes evident. A spade contract can be set three tricks but East has no information from partner to justify this hope.

(9) With five and a half playing tricks at hearts South would have bid regardless of East's double.

(10) Not an entirely sound but certainly a tempting double. With the heart bid over his Ace-Queen West can be sure of no more than one trick in trumps with a trick in diamonds doubtful.

(11) Partner, you made your own bed, now lie in it!

EAST opened with the club King which Declarer ruffed and then led the knave of hearts, hoping that East would cover. When East showed blank in hearts the trump situation held no terrors for Declarer. The possibility that West might be void in spades was however, full of menace. Against six spades in the East hand Declarer would have been helpless as he would be compelled to lose a trick in diamonds or an extra trump trick through having to ruff spades with dummy's high trumps, else losing to ruffs by West.

Declarer was compelled to play on the assumption that West held at least one spade. If so, he could make his contract against any defense. Therefore, when the heart Knave was won by West's Queen and a club returned, Declarer trumped and led a small heart on which he played dummy's ten, keeping a high trump in each hand. It made no difference to De-

(Continued on page 29)

Precaution Preserves a Contract

As a bright autumnal panorama may be swept away by a devastating forest fire, a fine hand, replete with honor-tricks and beautiful distribution, may be converted into barren penalties by adverse ruffs and unfortunate placement of higher honors.

When catastrophe threatens, as in the following deal, a skillful Declarer may preserve his contract by methods which suggest the cautious technique of the trained forest ranger—back-firing and trenching before the sweeping flames of opposing ruffs and honor-tricks:

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|-----|
| ♠ A-K-Q-J-8-3 | ♥ J-9-5-4-3-2 | ♦ 2 | ♣ — |
| ♦ 4 | N | ♠ 10-9-7-6-5 | ♥ — |
| ♥ A-Q-8 | W E | ♦ Q-8-7-5 | ♦ — |
| ♦ K-J-6 | S | ♣ A-K-3-2 | ♣ — |
| ♣ Q-8-7-6-5-4 | | | |
| ♠ 2 | | | |
| ♥ K-10-7-6 | | | |
| ♦ A-10-9-4-3 | | | |
| ♣ J-10-9 | | | |

Both sides are vulnerable and South is the dealer.

At some of the tables in a duplicate match this deal was passed out, none of the hands having the requirements for an opening bid, judged by rigid standards. At several tables, however, the hand was played variously at four spades and five hearts. At spades, against proper defense, North and South are set three tricks, taking merely the six spade tricks

Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 E. 42nd Street, New York.

Our foolish contemporaries

As the meanest man in the world said one cold, below-zero, blizzardy January night—"I wish I had a fallen daughter to put out on a night like this."

—*West Pointer.*

"We have no masters of fiction in Britain to-day," declares a literary critic. Doesn't he ever read the weather forecasts in our daily papers?

—*The Humorist.*

"Yes, Robert, 'amo' is the Latin word meaning 'I Love.' Now what word suggests its opposite?"

"Reno."

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

The prosecution brings out that Al Capone pays \$12 for a suit of underwear. That's one thing no jury in the country will let go unpunished.

—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*



VISITOR: Oh, do tell me the story of some of your shipwrecks.
LONGSHOREMAN: Very well, Miss; but before I starts I would remind you that the copyright of them is reserved throughout the countries signatory to the Berne Convention and the U. S. A.

—*Punch* (by permission).



—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Pity the poor rich man. If he loafes, he is a useless parasite; if he works, he robs some poor man of a job.

—*Publishers' Syndicate.*

SHE—It says in this paper that the Eskimos use fish-hooks for money.

HE—Gee! It must be tough on their wives getting fish-hooks out of hubby's pocket while he's sleeping.

SHE—Oh, well, the nights are six months long up there, dear.

—*Boston Transcript.*

NURSE: It's a boy.

KING SOLOMON: Curses—I wanted a girl.

NURSE: Be patient, O King. There will be three more this afternoon.

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

TEACHER (to new scholar): How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?

LITTLE LAD (after a moment's thought): Well, you see, it's this way, she married again and I didn't.

—*Pearsons.*

A certain well-known actress, herself something of a mimic, once objected to an imitation of herself by another comedienne.

"It's not a bit like me!" she exclaimed.

"It isn't supposed to be, dear," replied the comedienne. "It's an imitation of you imitating me!"

—*Capper's Magazine.*

confidential guide



Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.
 * Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
 X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
 (Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GRAND HOTEL. *National*, \$4.40 (*)—Last year's big hit and still the best in town.

AFTER TOMORROW. *Golden*, \$3.00 (*)—About financial and other troubles of middle class life. Play got on its feet after critics talked John Golden into more or less happy ending. Donald Meek, Ross Alexander, Kate McComb do very well.

LADIES OF CREATION. *Cort.* \$3.00 (*)

—A not too clever comedy about interior decorators and such folk, with Chrystal Herne.

THE CONSTANT SINNER. *Royale*, \$3.00 (*)—Mae West in the gold-dardest piece of melodepravity yet seen on Broadway. Diamond Lil was a camp-fire girl compared to this babe.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY. *Martin Beck*, \$2.50 (X)—An impressive six-scene presentation of a proud old Southern family going all to pieces until a vibrant young beauty steps into the picture and kindles the w.k. flame.

THE LEFT BANK. *Little*, \$3.00 (*)—More disillusionment about the expatriate joys of living in Paris where you can really get something done.

TWO SECONDS. *Ritz*, \$3.00 (*)—All this happens in the mind of a condemned man between the sitting and the shock, as in drowning. A thoroughly dispensable play.

PAYMENT DEFERRED. *Lyceum*, \$3.00 (X)—Superb performance by Charles Laughton in his American debut. Grim story about a man who murders his nephew in the first act and spends the rest of the evening jittering about it. For suspense lovers.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. *Forty-Fourth St.* \$3.00 (*)—To appreciate this one you must be familiar with rural England—including "Concert Parties"—which are troupes of travelling players comparable to the American stock company of twenty-five years ago. One of the characters you are supposed to laugh at heartily is the ham actor with long flowing hair who wears a Windsor tie and quotes the classics.

A CHURCH MOUSE. *Playhouse*, \$3.00 (*)—An adaptation from L. Fodor's Hungarian comedy proving that stenographers are made and not born. Ruth Gordon is charming but it's all old stuff.

LEAN HARVEST. *Forrest*, \$3.00 (*)—Well staged and superbly played, esp. by Leslie Banks. The sparkling dialogue is rather weighed down by the author's sermon that riches don't bring happiness and neither does poverty and neither does the stork. But for this season it's as good as any and better'n some.

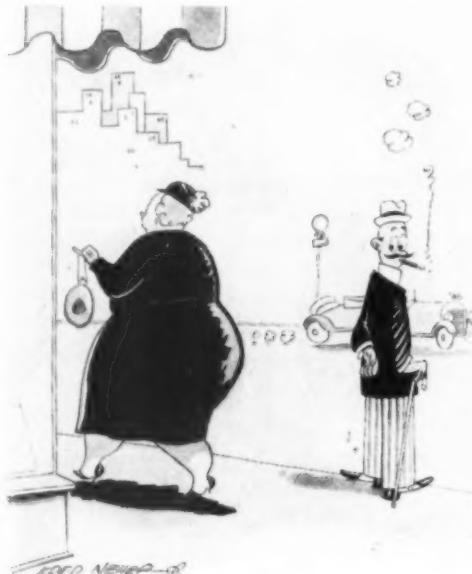
THE SEX TABLE. *Henry Miller's*, \$3.85 (X)—A French comedy involving a great confusion of amours both young and old.

MUSICAL

THE GUEST ROOM. *Biltmore*, \$3.00 (*)—About one of those aunts who visits and visits and visits, runs any household, weeps when the bum's rush impends, raises hell generally. The farcical ending seems quite improbable.

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam*, \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years.

FOLLIES. *Ziegfeld*, \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal LeRoy and Mitzie Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that



A big gain around end.

effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *Carroll*, \$3.00. Mats. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.—Mr. Carroll's unusual sense of beauty—Will Mahoney's unusual sense of comedy and some unusually lovely girls used as a background for some unusually low humor.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*, \$5.50 (*)—The first act is marvelous. The second falls to pieces but will probably be fixed up. Catchy tunes by Brown and Henderson—dramatic singing by Everett Marshall that makes the customers hysterical—swell shouting by Ethel Merman—sweet crooning by Rudy Vallée—dozens of laughs by Willie Howard (what a showman)—Ray Bolger's dancing and plenty of beautiful gals.

NIKKI. *Geo. M. Cohan*, \$4.40 (*)—The John Monk Saunders story of war flyers—with music. It should be gone before you decide not to see it.

EVERYBODY'S WELCOME. *Shubert*, \$3.00 (*)

—Just so-so, but even with the uneven material, Frances Williams, Harriett Lake, Jack Sheehan, Oscar Shaw and Ann Pennington show how good they might be. And a hand for Thomas Harty's eccentric dancing.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE. *Globe*, \$3.00—

Lovers of operettas will find Jerome Kern's music as charming as anything they have heard in many seasons. Excellent performances by Bettina Hall, George Metaxa, Eddie Foy Jr., Dorothy Carson, George Meader, Odette Myrtil, Lawrence Grossmith and Jose Reuben.

CHAUVE-SOURIS. *Ambassador*, \$3.00 (X)—

There are three acts. One is entirely in pantomime; another is a French court scene sung in French; and the other is pretty good. A feature of the show is a curtain done by the artist, Garde, caricaturing practically every Broadway celebrity. It is so interesting that you rather regret it being raised.

MOVIES

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY. *First National*—If you like Balzac you'll be highly entertained. Leave Junior home and have a few naughty giggles. And congratulations to Will Hays for whatever it is that has happened to him. Adults. Yes.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR. *Paramount*—One of those things about the man who adopts a small child; lives with her for years; suddenly discovers she is "a woman" and falls in love with her. Recommended only to "Daddy" Brownings. No.

MONKEY BUSINESS. *Paramount*—The Marx Brothers in another display of mad, high-explosive humor. A gay evening for those who are fortunate enough to find these boys entertaining. Yes.

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALLINGFORD. *Metro*—William Haines gives a weak performance in a weak version of the George Randolph Chester stories. Jimmy Durante is swell and is due for the big money in talkies. No.

PALMY DAYS. *United Artists*—Eddie Cantor is the reason we recommend this one. The girls are beautiful, the photography of the dance numbers is original, and Charlotte Greenwood is a big help to Eddie. Unless you are a confirmed hater of musical movies—Yes.

DEVOTION. *R. K. O.*—Ann Harding dons wig, spectacles and dimity gimp to disguise herself so she can be near the man she loves. Smooth performances by Miss Harding, Leslie Howard, Robert Williams, Dudley Digges and Alison Skipworth. Mr. Howard (who should be starred soon) turns in a job that is worth the price of admission. Yes.

EAST OF BORNEO. *Universal*—Crocodile infested rivers—boa-constrictors—monkeys—tigers—a volcano . . . and a woman seeking to save a man from himself. There are no tigers east of Borneo, but what of it? If they had thrown in some lions and elephants it might have put the picture over. No.

they didn't gargle



they did



Here is important news to every man, woman, and child who suffers with colds.

Searching tests now tend to reveal scientifically what 10 million people have demonstrated practically—that full strength Listerine, used as a gargle, is a remarkable aid in preventing colds. That it often cuts the risk 50%.

Read the results of these tests carefully. We believe they will convince you that Listerine possesses qualities of safety and germicidal power not equalled by ordinary mouth washes conspicuous for their harsh action and their need for dilution. The test:

From November 15, 1930 to February 1, 1931, 102 persons in normal health were observed continually. One-third, known as "controls," were instructed not to gargle with Listerine.

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LISTERINE

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diseases
may enter
the body
through the
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Keep it clean!

Gargling Listerine twice a day reduces the risk of colds 50%, tests show

One-third gargled with Listerine twice a day. The remaining one-third gargled five times a day. Now see what happened:

One-half as many colds for garglers

The "controls" (those who did not use Listerine) contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled Listerine twice daily. Moreover, their colds lasted three times as long and were four times as severe.

Now let us compare the "controls" with those who gargled Listerine five times a day:

The "controls" had three times as many colds, which were four times as severe and lasted four times as long.

**Due to germicidal action
and healing effect**

Such results are due to two great qualities of Listerine:

First, its marked germicidal action which enables it to reduce mouth bacteria 98% and to kill germs in the fastest time possible to record. Second, its soothing, healing effect on the mucous membrane. Unlike harsh antiseptics Listerine causes none of the tissue irritations which allow germs easy entrance. Listerine actually protects the surface from germs and aids recovery in case of infection.

Always keep Listerine handy in home and office. Use it regularly and at the first sign of trouble increase the gargle to a frequency of from three to five times a day and consult your physician. Remember, Listerine is a powerful germicide and at the same time safe. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

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President Manager

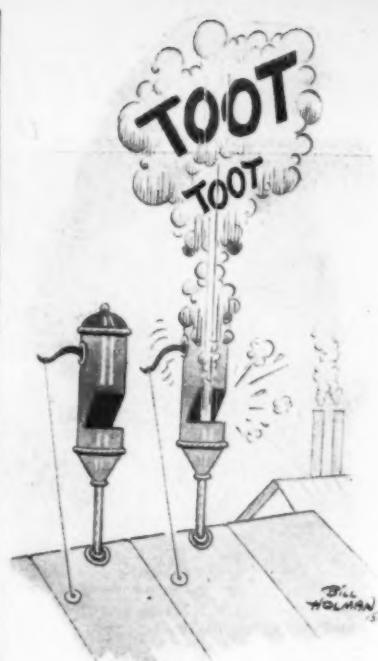


A critic describes a new play as very sweet and wholesome. The unfortunate dramatist will have to try again, that's all.

—*The Humorist.*

A sophisticate is one who spends his money to see a show and then does his best to feel cheated.

—*Publishers' Syndicate.*



FIRST FACTORY WHISTLE: *Moron!*

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble cornets with an *a* and get an old relation.
- (2) Scramble mansion with an *i* and get something to keep you awake.
- (3) Scramble stripes with an *n* and get a woman alone.
- (4) Scramble chortle with an *i* and get a dressy man.
- (5) Scramble hours with a *c* and get some high steppers.

(Answers on page 26)

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

She was very well dressed, and, as she walked into the fashionable milliner's shop, the manageress herself came forward to serve her.

"I see by your advertisement," she said, "that you have just received two thousand hats from Paris."

"Yes, madam," the respectful manageress informed her.

"Good," said the girl, taking off her hat, "I wish to try them on."

—*Pearson's.*



(Advt.)

THE LAW

Of Good Living says, "*Don't Overindulge,
Eat too Much . . . Smoke too Much . . . Drink unwisely*"

**SCIENCE SAYS, "If You Do Overindulge, Phillips'
Milk of Magnesia is Probably the Quickest and Most
Effective Way to Avoid Feeling its After-effects."**

The Law of Good Health says, "Don't overindulge—
don't smoke too much, eat too much, drink unwisely."

Science says, "If you do, the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST
and EASIEST way to avoid FEELING its results is
Phillips' Milk of Magnesia taken this way:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed.

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice
of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

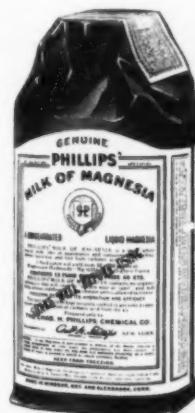
That's all. Tomorrow you'll feel great. Millions are
learning this. Millions are doing it.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is judged the most powerful
NEUTRALIZER of the ACIDS that follow overin-
dulgence known. It goes into your acid-soaked stomach,
alkalinizes its contents, sweetens them—takes the sting
out, banishes the headaches and sour stomach that
usually follow.

Get the genuine. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike
in effect. So insist on Genuine Phillips' Milk of Mag-
nesia . . . the kind doctors endorse.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes the Acids That Cause "Acid Headaches"
and Sour Stomach within 15 Minutes After Taking!





Albuquerque has the ideal ALL YEAR climate

Since the days of the old Spanish Friars, and before the railroad crossed the continent, Albuquerque has been famous for its health-giving climate. Literally thousands have recovered from pulmonary and bronchial diseases in Albuquerque's constant sunshine, dry air and mile-high altitude, and each year hundreds of others come for the help that these things give. In Albuquerque you can rest out-of-doors all winter without cumbersome wraps, yet sleep under blankets every summer night. Rainfall is only $\frac{1}{4}$ inches a year, less than half that of Colorado and a fifth that of eastern health resorts. For those in search of health Albuquerque has good sanatoriums, a research laboratory for work in tuberculosis, accommodations for every stage of illness and for every purse, and a friendly spirit which in itself helps you to get well. Albuquerque also has its annual hundreds of visitors in the best of health, spending glorious vacations in the most interesting hundred miles square in America. As a help in getting well, as a preventive against illness and as a year-round vacation spot, Albuquerque is the city without an equal.

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Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Please send a copy of your free booklet to

Great Minds at Work



I have always regarded "fan mail" as a sort of hippopotamus that—having pushed one's front door open with his nose—squats with a dripping smile—in a pool—on one's hearth rug. Its impulse is charming, but one doesn't know quite what the devil to do with him.
—John Barrymore.

The direct results of prohibition in the United States have been eminently successful in every way.

—George Bernard Shaw.

War keeps people wholesome.
—Sir Arthur Keith, biologist.

What I should really like above everything else would be to stand for Parliament.

—Charles Spencer Chaplin.

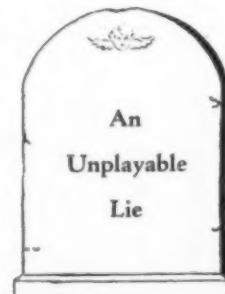
It takes money to run political campaigns.

—Bishop James Cannon, Jr.

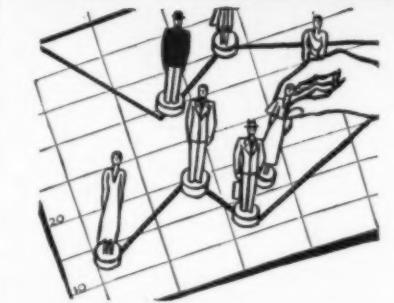
Dogs are great judges of character.
—George Matthew Adams.

I am afraid of men who wear caps on dark streets.

—O. O. McIntyre.



Epitaph For A Golfer



YOU'RE NOT A STATISTIC HERE!

You are welcomed as if you were the first and only guest we ever had * This friendly hospitality is one reason why we have had so many guests in our short life * Another reason is extra value * 85% of the rooms are priced from \$3.50 to \$5 a day.

HOTEL NEW YORKER

34th Street at 8th Ave., New York
Ralph Hitz, Managing Director
Chicago Office: 77 W. Washington Street, State 5566

Answers to Anagrins

on page 24

- (1) Ancestor.
- (2) Insomnia.
- (3) Spinster.
- (4) Clothier.
- (5) Chorus.

A young married couple started out with the baby to buy a baby carriage. They purchased one, put the baby in it and started home. Everybody smiled. They wondered why. Finally they noticed that the clerk had omitted to remove the sign from the carriage. It read: "Our Own Make." —M. I. T. Voo-Doo.

VIRGINIA INN

ON LAKE OSCEOLA
In Florida's Most Beautiful Small City
WINTER PARK

American Plan.
Weekly rates, \$10 to \$70 per person.
Table and Service Excellent.
Every room steam heated.
Putting course on grounds.
Excellent 18-Hole Golf Course.
Open December to April

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Mgr. Dir.
Summer Season:
Ocean House, Watch Hill, R. I.

Great Dramas in Sport

(Continued from page 15)

players smiled at each other. . . . The opposing bands became courteous. . . . There was no longer defiance in the rubber-tooting horns as the automobiles turned back over the Walnut Street bridge. . . . In the dressing-room Fretz and Newashe shook hands. . . . It was all over . . . and victory and defeat were not nearly as vital as they had seemed a few hours earlier. . . . But football is like that.



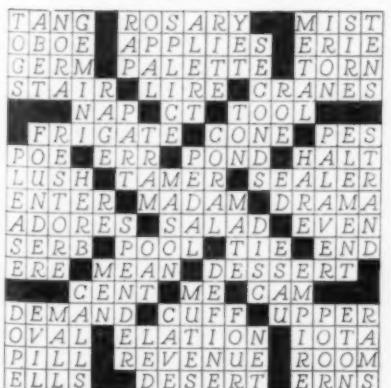
A parrot has appeared in several American talkies. We understand that in view of a possible visit to this country the bird has been taught to say that it thinks our London police are wonderful.
—Punch.

During naval firing practice off the East coast, residents in neighbouring towns were advised to keep their windows open to prevent them from being broken. One dear old lady, we learn, insisted on closing hers to keep out any stray shells.

—The Humorist.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

Solution of November 6 Crossword Puzzle



Why suffer with aching muscles?

.... here's *double-acting relief*

WHEN arm, leg, neck or back muscles are painfully stiff and sore those aching muscles need a fresh supply of blood to flush out congested impurities and take the soreness away.

In Absorbine Jr., you will find wonderful, comforting ease. The moment you start rubbing it on the ailing parts, you can tell by that glowing warmth in the muscles that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles. Massage also does the same thing. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting relief* from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

Used by
Thousands for
**"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"**

A man took his son to a race-meeting. It was rather a rough crowd, and when they left the course the son said to his father: "That fat man who pushed into you was very rude—he ought to be punished."

"He has been punished," the father replied. "I've got his watch."

—Pearson's.

Social error (American style): Breaking the wrong law.

—Detroit News.



"Why don't ya ask for the job, Muggs—it'll do 'till ya get somethin' better."



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Single Rooms
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President and Managing Director

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one year

Name _____

Address _____

11-2

From Subway to Suburb

(Continued from page 5)

Hufnagel has a roof to call his own, a—"

"Just a moment," I interrupts. "I haven't finished. Besides the ecstasies already enumerated, Bill has to have a gardener on the place to wet-nurse weeds, another bozo to bale out the basement, a nurse to keep his kid from falling into the neighboring duck-wallows—"

"How about his wife?" demands Flora. "Doesn't she even look after her child?"

"Ah," I exclaims, "there you come to the whole crux of the matter of living out on Long Island. Women there are practically compelled by procedure to play cards all day, take showers in gin and flirt with males who are out of work. Women always fall for men out of work, but especially on Long Island. No husband there would think of taking off his coat before looking at the pillow in the bedroom for a note announcing that his wife's eloped with a Basil or a Cyril. Would you care to live in that kind of atmosphere?"

"It's worth a try," says the wife, musingly.

"Also," I goes on, "all husbands have their voting residences in sand-traps. They're practically never found at home—"

"Go on," urges the missus. "What a salesman for suburban real-estate you've turned out to be!"

"Houses on Long Island," I continues, "are not homes. They're taverns for your city friends and relatives. I have no desire—"

"I don't blame you," interjects Flora, "for not wanting your friends and relatives, but there's some difference between yours and mine."

"Such as?" I inquires.

"I can invite mine by name," says she. "You'd have to summon yours by number. Shall we go looking for a place Sunday?"

"Some rainy February thirtieth," I comes back. "Tomorrow I'm going down-town to sign a ninety-nine year lease on this walk up."



Just then the phone rings and the frau goes to answer.

"It's Bruce Fairweather," she tells me, on her return. "He wants to know if he can come over. The poor boy's so discouraged. He's been out of work for a—"

"About Sunday?" says I. "What time shall we start?"

(A thrilling adventure overtakes Joe and Flora Fenagle in the country and the next episode will be full of it. Those who have read the advance proofs have still to catch their breath, so make certain to catch the next number of LIFE.)

Contract Bridge

(Continued from page 20)

clarer whether West played his eight or his Ace. Declarer still had the nine of hearts as a re-entry for his spades. Taking the second trump trick with the Ace West again forced Declarer with a club and Declarer led the Ace of spades which fortunately held. He then led a small spade and trumped with dummy's King. Leading the seven of hearts he took out the last adverse trump and had nothing left but winning cards.

At spades North would be forced to trump clubs and with trumps exhausted in Declarer's hand opponents would have a trump left for entry and would run established clubs and diamonds, Declarer taking seven tricks—six spades and the Ace of diamonds.

Double Dummy Problem for Next Week

| | |
|--------------|-----------|
| ♠ — — | |
| ♥ A-Q-4-3 | |
| ♦ K-8-4-2 | |
| ♣ K-Q-9-7-2 | |
| ♠ J-9-8-6-3 | ♠ K-7-5 |
| ♥ 10-9-6-5 | ♥ J-8-7 |
| ♦ Q | ♦ A-J-6-5 |
| ♣ J-5-3 | ♣ 8-6-4 |
| ♠ A-Q-10-4-2 | |
| ♥ K-2 | |
| ♦ 10-9-7-3 | |
| ♣ A-10 | |

W N E S

South (absurdly enough) plays the hand at clubs and makes a small slam against any defence. West opens with the three of clubs. Can you play it?

Solution next week.



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MEDITERRANEAN

thrill...plus

"WORLD CRUISE"

LUXURY!

● At last...the kind of Mediterranean "buy" to thrill the cruise-wise! The Mediterranean in its entirety...done with the luxurious fullness of round-the-world-cruise living!

● All the better-known ports and by-ways of North Africa and the Riviera...plus 20 added days of escape from winter in the glamorous Near East alone...Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, Black Sea...paradise interludes such as Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna!

● The liner is the white giantess, Empress of Australia, 21,850 gross tons, famous on the transatlantic run...even more famous for her luxurious world-cruise comforts and pleasures.

● You sail from New York next Feb. 3. For 73 days, you've nothing to do but enjoy. The world's greatest travel system arranges every detail...with its famous one management, ship and shore...in its 9th great Mediterranean season.

● **BOOK NOW FOR CHOICE ACCOMMODATIONS.** From \$900. Study itinerary-booklet, ship's plan, from your own agent, or any Canadian Pacific office in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Montreal and 28 other cities in the U. S. and Canada.



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ISTANBUL
BLACK SEA
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PYRAMIDS
MONTE CARLO
PARIS-LONDON
and many others
FROM NEW YORK

FEB. 3

Empress of Australia

• CANADIAN PACIFIC •



When a hotel manager made a road map

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

Perhaps we're wrong in talking about such little things, when we have such big things to offer. Bigger rooms at lower prices... Roomy closets... Popular priced cafeteria or coffee shop... Central location... Even specially selected meats for all dining rooms. But somehow, it's the little extra things that bring our guests back. You'll be back, too, once you know us.

Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S only United... The Roosevelt
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SYRACUSE, N. Y..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH..... The Duran
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL..... The St. Francis
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NEW ORLEANS, LA..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I..... The Constant Spring



Life

NOVEMBER 13, 1931
VOL. 98 NUMBER 2558

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

60 E. 42nd St., New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON,
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Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate: U. S., \$5.00; Canada, \$6.00; Foreign, \$6.60.



Poetical Pete

Curiosity is a fault
Which stirs my imagination;
The quality I prize is zeal
For first-hand information!



"Pretty flower bowls can be made from old gramophone records," says a writer. We have heard new gramophone records that are even more suitable for the purpose.
—Passing Show.



LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR for 1932

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and increasingly in demand. It makes a most attractive gift for all who love dogs. Most people do. Anyway

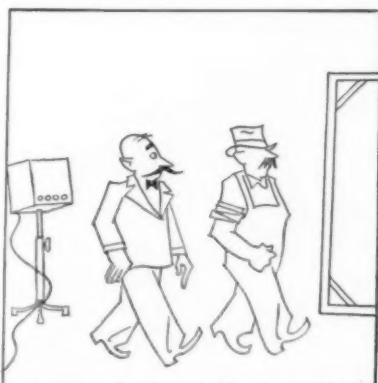
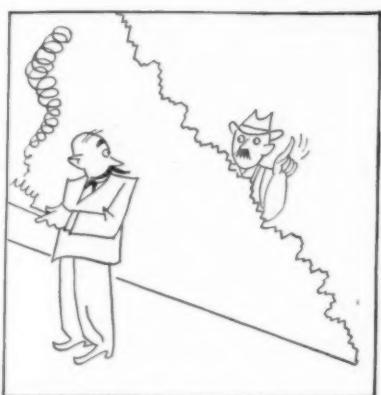
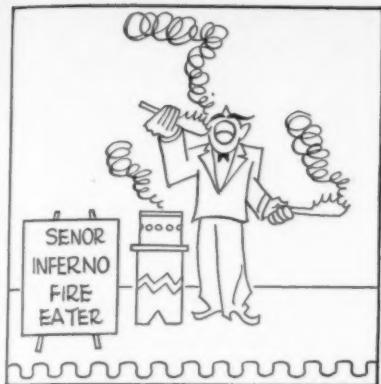
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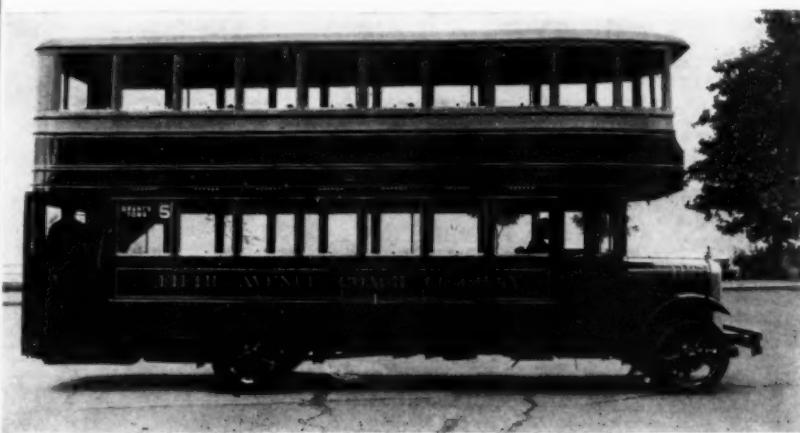
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"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells about
the
**RIDGEWAY
TWINS**



TAKE the Ridgeway twins, Ches and Wal. Looked alike as two peas in a pod. Couldn't tell themselves apart except at dinner, and the only way they knew which was which then was because Ches liked navy beans and Wal didn't.

Well sir, you might go so far as to say they had equal chances in life if any two young fellers ever did. It was this way at the age of twenty when they went to work in the bank. Now Ches is president of the bank and Wal has seven more years to serve at the penitentiary.

It jest shows home conditions and trainin' ain't everything. Jest like Ches would eat navy beans and Wal wouldn't, Ches would eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box, and Wal wouldn't. Ches felt good and thought the world was with him while Wal felt bad and thought the world was agin' him. So they traveled different roads.

Of course I ain't sayin' these little tablets will keep you out of the penitentiary I'm jest tellin' about Ches and Wal, twins.

"Chic" Sale

It takes over 30 million boxes of Ex-Lax—those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box—to supply the demand each year.

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate—but in it is concealed the well-known scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

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Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

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FREE SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and
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CORNERS GAZETTE

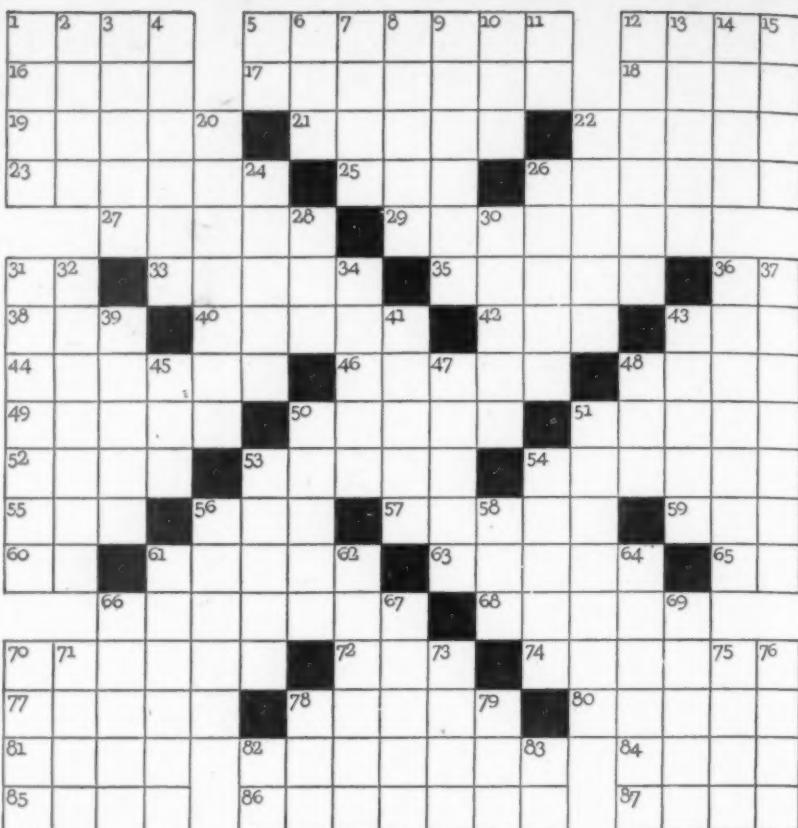
Name _____

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Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., P. O. Box 170,
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LIFE'S Cross Word Puzzle



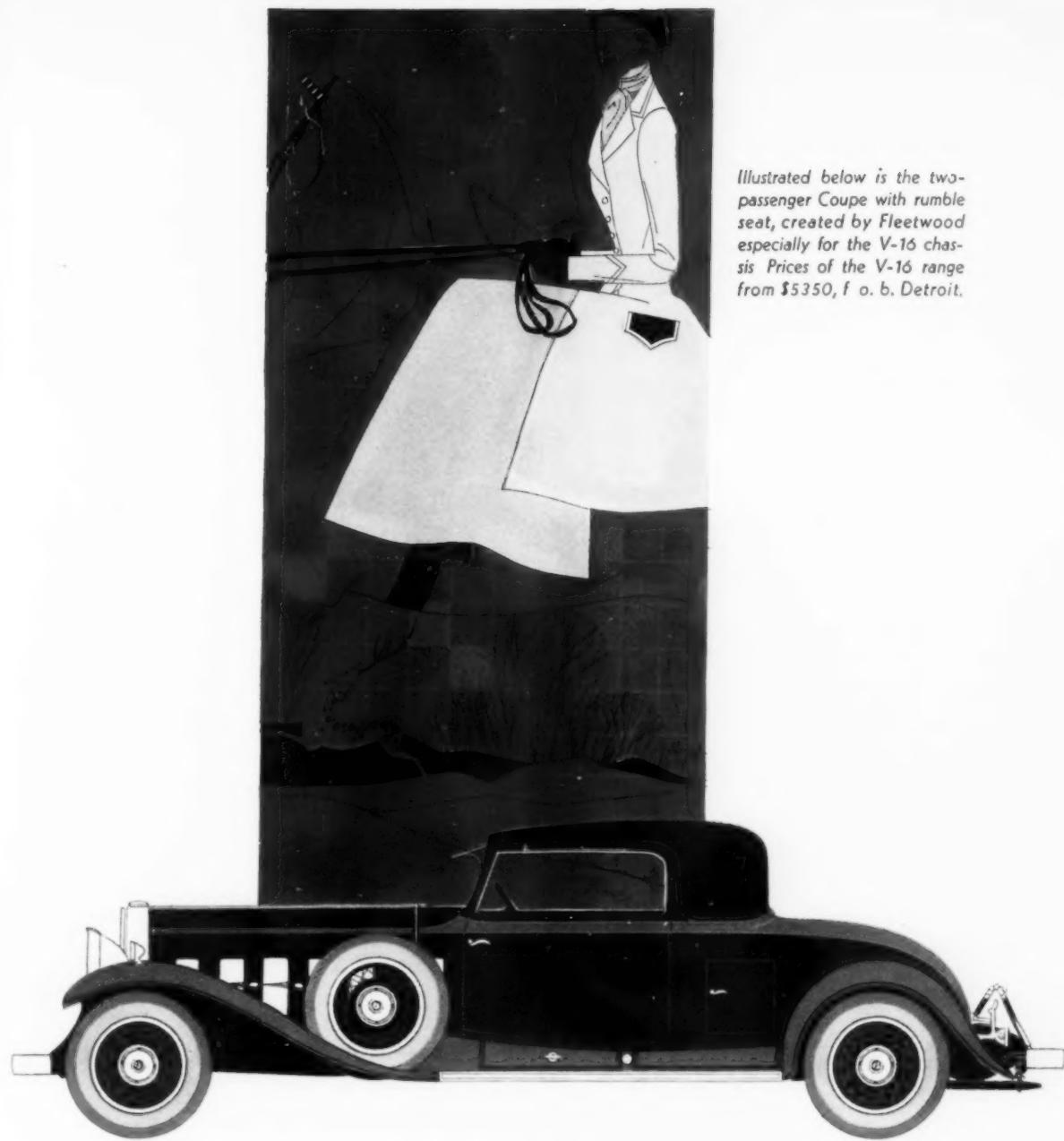
ACROSS

- An old meany.
- Respectful salutation to Mr. Gandhi.
- Upright stick.
- This leads to the altar.
- Ancient Spaniard.
- Scope.
- Throned.
- Enthusiastic.
- Something to hang on to.
- A lament.
- A June bug.
- A sarcastic rebuke.
- Approaches.
- Part of the head, pl.
- Per cent, abbr.
- A lookout.
- This is even worse.
- Southern state, abbr.
- Masc. name.
- A bad thing to grow on one.
- One of the family.
- Mr. Cat.
- To prance like a horse.
- Biblical name.
- S. O. S.
- Afraid to take a chance.
- Exert your powers.
- The boob with the high hat.
- Employs.
- Labyrinths.
- A bailiff.
- A color.
- This is nice for a Xmas tree.
- This gives the acid touch.
- Compass point.
- Word of hesitation.
- This comes from the Argentine.
- What all dish-washing wives sigh over.
- Ridge of glacial sand.
- A small flute.
- Suppose.
- A robber on the high seas.
- To give a name to.
- Made a noise like a plane.
- Smells.
- Dogma.
- Climb up.
- Bone of the fore arm.
- This will give you a black eye.
- A furnace.
- Golf mounds.
- Kind of fever.
- Killed.
- Welcome sound in the theatre.
- Breakfast food.
- Pertaining to the birds.
- Flocks and flocks.
- Measure, abbr.
- A President's nickname.
- Keep this in case of danger.
- Thieves' slang.
- Rising in rows.
- Botch.
- One—indefinitely.
- Cheap-John style of talk.
- Sweet scented root.
- To burn.
- Narrow strip of cloth.
- Decreed.
- What the bargain hunters love.
- This fish is game.
- A young person.
- Amount.
- A hoarder.
- A "movie".
- War vessel.
- Precious stone.
- This breathes fire and brimstone.
- Electrical units of strength.
- Ready for battle.
- One who can't conform.
- This is all keyed up.
- Power.
- Mislays.
- The chariot racer.
- Slow, in music.
- An Order of Baptists.
- Chop up fine.
- Minus its vertebrae, as a fish.
- The real dope.
- Among.
- Coronets.
- The senior member.
- Aprons.
- Down, if not out.
- Measure of weight.
- A creeper.
- This looks as though a kiss might be coming.
- Lazy.
- Wild animal used to frighten children.
- Feminine name.
- Refuse to grant.
- Summer coat.
- Numerical prefix.
- Personal pronoun.
- Ocean, abbr.

DOWN

5
7
6

Illustrated below is the two-passenger Coupe with rumble seat, created by Fleetwood especially for the V-16 chassis. Prices of the V-16 range from \$5350, f.o.b. Detroit.



Cadillac's introduction of multi-cylinder motoring is one of the greatest and most fundamental advancements for which this organization has ever been responsible. In fact, it has resulted in a complete change in the basic conception of how luxurious a motor car can be. The finest

embodiment of the multi-cylinder principle is found in the Cadillac V-16—a car so markedly advanced from every standpoint that only those who have driven it can appreciate how really exceptional it is. May we suggest, therefore, that you take this car for an informative demonstration?

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"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh



MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE
Sealed Tight
Ever Right
THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE
Zip —
and it's open!

Copy, 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

* Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity here-with given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.